UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

William Ellery Channing and the Humanizing of Religion - - *R. Lester Mondale*

Lashonah Tovah!—Reflections on the Jewish High Holidays of 1942 - - - - - - - - - - - *Karl M. Chworowsky*

Our Forward-Looking Indians - - - - - - - - - *Elaine Goodale Eastman*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

As We See It

The Congress resolve to strike for independence now is a clarion call to the people of India to rise and assert their birthright. It is a grim challenge to Britain and to the United Nations to vindicate in the case of India their faith in freedom and democracy. If India's demand is accepted it would generate almost overnight forces in India that might well-nigh tip the scales in the war. It would sweep Asia's subjugated millions and Europe's prostrate millions with faith that the old order is forever dead. If the cause of freedom is betrayed in India, it is betrayed everywhere. Freedom is indivisible.

We urge the American press and radio not to indulge in diatribes and vituperations of India's leaders without fully grasping the implications of their new move, and the forces that have driven them to this desperate resolve. The move represents the inevitable culmination of a chain of tragic events from the long bitter past, the immediate past, and the present, in India. It represents the saturation point of India's patience; utter hopelessness of ever gaining her freedom at any other time and by any other means. The conditions both in India and abroad have left no other choice. In India the apathetic and embittered masses are beginning to display satisfaction over the victory of Japanese arms, and, outside, the Japanese with the blessings of their Axis partners are busy maneuvering a Puppet Provisional Government for India with the help of certain exiled Indian revolutionaries. These two factors combined would have trapped the misguided in India, split the Nationalist ranks, and let loose chaos and bloodshed. Something dramatic and daring had to be done to arrest the fatal trend in India and to undermine the Japanese move. Gandhi has acted swiftly to reassure the masses that freedom can yet be won, and won by his methods. And the world would do well to trust India in Gandhi's hands.

The fears that civil war may be stirred up in India if the Nationalists' demands are met are highly exaggerated. They rest upon the baseless notion that 80 million Moslems are pitted as a unit against the Nationalists. Those who persist in this belief, either through ignorance or willful design, accomplish little except to satisfy their own prejudices. That there will be trouble if freedom is given is doubtful, but that there will be an explosion if it is withheld is certain. Those who treat this demand as bluff are fooling themselves. Gandhi is in dead earnest. Britain is reported to be defiant and ready to crush the move. That she has the force to do so is sure, but she would then have a real rebel India on her hands . . .

We are convinced that the only means to avert the pending catastrophe is to set up a Provisional National Government with real powers.

Zero hour struck in India long ago. With boldness and vision the situation can still be saved. China is urging India's freedom. Will America act in time?

—*India Today*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXVIII SEPTEMBER, 1942 No. 7

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

I step out into the night. The shore is shrouded in a darkness I have never seen before. But through the darkness there shine the stars with an incredible lustre. The stars which are aeons old, and move in so perfect a harmony that centuries ago the Greek philosophers were talking of "the music of the spheres." Suddenly, in the north, there shoots up to the zenith a great shaft of light—the finger of a Portland searchlight, probing the skies for signs of the enemy. . . . "It is a beauteous evening calm and free" —as "beauteous" as the evening which inspired Wordsworth's sonnet. The sea has an unearthly stillness, and all the air is poised as though motion were no more. One dares not speak for fear of dispelling the enchantment of a magic moment. Suddenly, far to the south, the sound of guns! The ground is shaken as by an earthquake—the air is blasted into a disturbance that seems to touch the firmament. Is this the Portsmouth Navy Yard, or some great ships at sea? . . . Morning! The sky is blue and spotless. The mounting sun meets not a cloud. This is a day to stir the heart with joy and acclaim. Suddenly, from the west, a hum, a roar, a rushing storm—and three black bombers sweep like lightning overhead. The flying corps at exercise, or on patrol duty along the shore! Thus at morn, at eve, at night, are the signs of war about us. Why should this horror intrude upon nature's lovely scene? Yet nature is undismayed! Since the beginning of the world, man has done his worst, and beauty has still prevailed. Death has stalked widely and wildly abroad, but has never conquered life. It seems worse today than ever, now that Hitler is at large. Never has man seen such weapons of destruction, wielded to such awful effect. But the mightiest of these forces are as the puny thrusts of atoms when matched with the silent forces that, age after age, lift the grass blades, stir the sea, ride with the winds, and shine in the everlasting stars. This war is not the end, nor our lives in vain. Havoc may do its worst, but nature will remain at her ancient business of creation. And as we trust in nature, so let us trust in man. Human nature perhaps was never more terrible; but, if we have eyes to see, it never was more glorious. Crime is everywhere but so are courage, and patience, and pity. Suffering never seemed so ghastly—but when was it ever borne with such dignity and fortitude? Man was never so great as now. Never more truly the child of God, in whom must be our final trust. God is not dead! He lives in flower and bird and tree, and in the heart of man. He works his steadfast will. His purposes are sure. Be of good cheer! "The best is yet to be."

II

On August 6th Mr. Louis Fischer, eminent American journalist and author, ardent pro-war advocate, recently returned from Europe and India, charged in the New York *Times* that "Great Britain is fighting the battle for India in America by a whispering campaign against Gandhi." It did not need this warning from Mr. Fischer to recognize this campaign in the deluge of miserable canards and slanders against the Mahatma which suddenly drenched the press and radio in this country. The *Times* and a few other papers kept their heads. Recognizing Gandhi's impeccable moral character, the *Times* said:

> Mohandas K. Gandhi is one of the great souls of this generation. If all mankind were to adopt the spiritual essence of his teachings, there would not be any more wars.

But most newspapers and radio commentators went mad with vilification of a man who, in the midst of a war for the "four freedoms," was demanding freedom for his country. "Just why the British," said Mr. Fischer, "are trying to undermine Gandhi's prestige in this country, I do not know." But the reason should be obvious! It is the power of Soul Force—the weapon wielded by this man which shakes an empire! Hitler can be fought and beaten with tanks and bombs, but not Gandhi. The "whispering campaign" in this country, like the arrests and jailings in India, is the inevitable and desperate last resort of despair by a

nation that finds itself helpless before a Soul. Yet should Britain know that slanders are as futile as bolts and bars. For Gandhi is clothed upon with "the whole armor of God" which is impenetrable to "the fiery darts of the wicked." Read his famous memorandum to the Congress, a confidential document seized and published by the British police. Listen to the words: *"We may not bend the knee to an aggressor . . . but we may not bear him any malice nor wish him ill. . . . If he wishes to take possession of our fields, we will refuse to give them up. . . . If he is attacked by disease or dying of thirst and seeks our aid, we may not refuse it."* These words sound like the words of Buddha, or Jesus, or Paul, or St. Francis, but are the words of one as great—Mahatma Gandhi. And we rage in fury that we cannot understand this man, or do business with him! Is it possible that we are so blind as not to see that this is our own condemnation, and not his? As to India at this hour, the situation is too tense, events moving too fast, for any comment. Meanwhile, I plead and pray for the release of Gandhi and the freedom of his people.

III

The affair of the eight saboteurs, as Doctor Watson would call it, was a grim piece of business. As one opposed to capital punishment as a lingering relic of barbarism, I shudder at the outcome. But the world, the war, and the law being what it is, I want to say that this affair seems to me to have been conducted from beginning to end in a way to do honor to this nation. Its performance, if I may call it such, was well-nigh perfect. At the first moment, on the sands of the Long Island shore, a humble coast guardsman, faced by an almost incredible situation, kept his head, and acted promptly and courageously. The F.B.I., put suddenly on the job, responded with efficiency. The government, charged with the ugly task of handling a group of spies, moved expeditiously, firmly, and with a minimum of stage-play. A court martial, quickly organized, with able military lawyers assigned to represent and defend the men on trial, sat for a period so long as to stir the impatience of various excitable folk throughout the country. But what was the court doing? At this point I believe that Elmer Davis might well have been trusted with more publicity, but can understand the caution of the court in erring, if at all, on the side of giving no possible aid and comfort to the enemy. But we know what the court was doing as days dragged into weeks. Hearing the case for the prosecution, obviously; but also hearing the case for the defense, and receiving long statements offered in extenuation and apology by the defendants! Then came the exciting climax—the appeal to the Supreme Court to take the case of these spies and saboteurs out of the hands of the military and turn them over to the civilian courts. This plea, be it noted, was presented by an American—the army officer charged with the solemn duty of giving the defendants every right and privilege allowed them by the law. In answer to this plea, the nine justices of the Court, scattered far and wide, were summoned to Washington, to meet in special session, and in all dignity to heed and judge the issues presented on behalf of these despised and dangerous agents of the enemy. For two days the justices listened in sober conclave to all that could be said for the defendants, and then, in scrupulous regard for the Constitution and the laws, passed down their judgment. The nature of this judgment is unimportant as compared with the fact—that these men had their day and say in the highest court in the land! Nor was this the end. For no penalty was imposed, or verdict even recognized, until everything had been laid before the President for review. Compare all this with the tortures and shootings of the totalitarian states! If America is in need of vindication as a democracy, a society of law, here it is.

IV

The news from Stockholm, that certain Norwegian churchmen have quietly met and withdrawn the Church from the Quisling regime, is news of first-class importance. This means the ending of the religious establishment in Norway, and thus the separation of Church and State. It is to be hoped that the same action will be taken, as it should have been taken long since, in Germany proper, where the Nazi regime has for years been riding rough-shod over the Church's rights and privileges. For the chief embarrassment from the beginning, in all the religious troubles in the Reich, has been the fact that the Lutheran Church is a government establishment, supported by the government, and therefore inevitably obligated to the government. Pastors were brave—hundreds of them, like Martin Niemőller, are in prison or concentration camp—the Evangelical Movement has tried desperately hard to win and hold some spiritual independence. But there has been a terrible logic in Hitler's contention that the Church should not bite, nor even ignore, the hand that feeds it. There can be no religious liberty until the Church is free of all dependence upon the Nazi or any other state. Which takes us to England and the Establishment there! The Anglican Church has a noble history and tradition. It has great works of scholarship, piety, and public leadership to its credit. In the present war, the attitude of the Church has been in many ways remarkable. It has given no slavish obedience to the State; has indulged in no hysteria or hate; has looked forward to a healing peace; has laid down the wise conditions of a just society after the war. In the new Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, it possesses a primate who is at once a statesman and a seer. Yet is the Church not free. Its counsel is suspect, and its spirit bound. In any

real crisis, as in the dethronement of Edward VIII, it must serve and justify the State. In any peace after the war, however bad, it must in the last analysis find spiritual ground for the government's action. What is a religious establishment for but to put religion behind the government when needed? It is no accident that today, as for centuries gone by, the nonconformist churches have been the conscience of England. As for America, we are in nothing more fortunate than in the complete separation of Church and State. Let us see to it that under no stress of war, in no indifference in peace, is this separation impaired or infringed upon to the slightest degree!

V

The Boston *Herald* is to be congratulated and thanked for its courageous disclosure of the facts about syphilis and other venereal diseases in wartime. Its special reporter, Mr. Cunningham, faces right up to the basic reality of the situation—that venereal disease is a phase of war. This is what we get when we go to war. "Sinister Sister of War" is what Mr. Cunningham calls it. "It's time it were dragged forth and looked squarely in its ugly face," he writes. "It's a crippler and a killer. It marches with armies and it sails with navies. Neither is ever without and neither ever fully efficient with it." In the last war, Mr. Cunningham reminds us, venereal diseases cost the American Army, in a period of less than nineteen months, 7,000,000 man-days of time. A total of 338,746 men, the equivalent of 23 divisions, were out of action because of syphilis and kindred afflictions. The number of new cases of these diseases among the soldiers exceeded by 100,000 the number of wounds received in battle. Since the war, the government has paid out $82,043,500 for the care of permanently hospitalized syphilitic patients—$31,405,000 for the syphilitic blind, $47,250,000 for the neurosyphilitic, and $3,388,500 for the cardiovascular syphilitic. That is from the last war! And now, in this war, reports Mr. Cunningham in the Boston *Herald,* the miserable story is beginning all over again. In 1936 the real fight against venereal diseases was organized in this country. Steadily the disease rate began to go down—but now, in 1941, there "came the ugly uprising." Mr. Cunningham hesitates not a moment to tell his readers what is going on around the army camps today. Certain of the army centers, which he specifically names, "permit the unhampered operation of the oldest profession . . . it brings business to the town. In many a town near the forts and army camps the old red-light district or its modernized equivalent is back." Mr. Cunningham continues:

> Maybe you don't know about the new style trailer camps. Operators move in regular fleets. Syndicates move groups of "entertainers" from one town to another on a standard schedule like a vaudeville circuit. Even where control is attempted, it is often impossible, because by the time infection has developed, the origin has moved on somewhere else. Where, nobody seems to know.

What to do about it—this "half-sister of war that ruins more soldiers than wounds, eating as well into the civilian population, leaving the blind, the maimed and the insane to show where she passed"—Mr. Cunningham does not seem to know. "Find the stuff and stamp it out faster than it can be brought in," he says. This sounds rather old-fashioned and unscientific. With other diseases, we find the breeding center and stamp *that* out. Why not do the same here!

VI

It is a source of almost inexpressible satisfaction to me to note that rebellion has at last begun against radio advertising, or "plugging," as it is called. The *Progressive* carried a stirring article in protest against the nauseating experience of listening to salvy, soapy, insincere, and dishonest laudations of cosmetics, laxatives, hair tonics, cigars, cigarettes, and beers as the price of hearing a news commentator, a program of music, or a little innocent fun. The *Readers Digest* published a similar article in denunciation of the same abomination, and is proposing to do something about it by organizing consumers' resistance. A Gallup Poll on the subject reveals that 78 per cent of the listening public are in various stages of disgust and anger. The remaining 22 per cent, I imagine, are morons who would not be disturbed by a bath of dishwater flung from a second-story window. It is the war, of course, which has broken the patient camel's back. To have the tragedies of this awful conflict presented "in the very same tones" as the merits of soaps, lotions, and laxatives—to have our minds, laden with woe, continually assaulted by the mellifluous voices of broadcasters directing us to buy this and use that commercial product as the prime need of the hour—is more than the most insensitive of us can stand. Always a gross abuse of public privilege, this "plugging" is now an intolerable betrayal of the public interest. Especially does this become apparent when the radio is used as it should be used. An ideal example was seen some Sundays ago when Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra presented to American music lovers the first performance in this country of Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony, written in commemoration of last winter's remarkable defense of Leningrad against the Nazi besiegers. The occasion was for the benefit of Russian War Relief, and was signalized by an exchange of congratulatory telegrams between composer and conductor. The performance was of course remarkable—the symphony, if uneven, still of exciting interest—and the whole occasion an exhibition of perfect taste and highest standards. This is radio at its best—and the best, I insist, is none too good for the American public in wartime. What to do about the present situation of a great invention and great art prostituted to the uses of commercial interests? Work to shift the whole business to the English basis of operation, which makes radio a public utility and not a private advertising agency.

Jottings

I heard a radio commentator speak of the bombing and burning of Konigsberg as "good news." And all I could seem to think of was Immanuel Kant and his great essay on *Eternal Peace.*

There are losses in this war which I can stand without regret. Whiskey, for example! The manufacture of this "booze" has been stopped, not to save men but to save alcohol for industrial purposes. It is true that there is a five years' stock of the poisonous stuff in bonded warehouses to be drawn on "for the duration." But industry these days is insatiable, and warehouses may soon follow distilleries.

Another easily endurable loss is cosmetics. Paints, powders, lotions, even "tan" for women's legs, will be scarce this coming winter. Hurrah! If war can take paint off women as it used to put it on redskins, I may become something less than a 100 per cent pacifist.

Another loss in this war may be meat, which has already made temporary disappearances from the markets. That wouldn't disturb me at all. So few of us are vegetarians by force of habit or will, that it would be excellent indeed if all of us became vegetarians by force of necessity. If war can accomplish this reform—so far, so good!

Curious—how things work out! If Hitler had not come to power in Germany, Franz Werfels would not have been in France in June, 1940. If Werfels had not been in France in 1940, he would not have been caught in the Nazi invasion. If he had not been caught in the Nazi invasion, he would not have fled to Lourdes. And if he had not fled to Lourdes, Werfels would never have written one of the loveliest stories of our time, *The Song of Bernardette.* So we are indebted to Hitler for the *Song!* Is this the way God makes the wrath of men to praise him?

A correspondent writes me in alarm that the Church is not praying for victory these days. Yes it is—for the victory of God's Kingdom. If this or any other nation is worthy to be a part of God's Kingdom, it may share the victory.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Song of the Universe

As the sun is the light of its own shining
So am I the song of my own singing.
It is the oneness of the all of things that sings
And I am its song.

I take into my heart the oneness of the all of things.
It belongs to me even as I belong to it.
Its life is my life.
Its strength is my strength.
Its beauty is my beauty.
Its soul is my soul.

I am aware of myself as an incarnation of the universe;
I, representative and reverberant of all!
The oneness of the all of things is in me—
Is quickened into consciousness in me—
Intensified into an ever more vivid awareness of itself in me.

With utmost wonder and amazement,
And with utmost reverence and love,
I contemplate within myself the miracle of the oneness of the all of things.
My spirit reaches to the uttermost of time and space;
Joyfully taking to myself whatever is
And joyfully giving myself to whatever is.

All essential to me and I essential to all—
Instinct with the infinite
I approve and appropriate all;
I am receptive and responsive to all.
Not a part of it, but all of it—not an iota missing!
I, the multifarious me, comprising all!
Item by item and atom by atom
Life in its entirety, perpetually persistent, unified in me,
Animating all, animating me!

I do not pick and choose.
I claim no special allowance.
No one is deprived of what I enjoy;
And no one can deprive me.
In common with all I possess all.

I have learned the nothingness of self
And the immortality of love.
It is the all of being that is my being.
In no slightest manner or degree am I a being apart.
I verify and vindicate the infinite and eternal oneness.
My identity with the absolute is established.
I am no fragment of being, but Being!

Surrendering myself utterly to the contemplation
Of the beauty of the oneness of the all of things
I perceive meanings momentous
In everything everywhere always;
In the least of things and in the greatest of things
The same significance!

There is only the one universe!
Only the one completeness of things!
Only the one oneness!
It alone exists—the One Reality—the Only One!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

William Ellery Channing and the Humanizing of Religion

R. LESTER MONDALE

Whenever I think of William Ellery Channing I find the image of a majestic mountain rising in my mind. I find this image particularly vivid when I turn to his prose writings with their tremendous sweep of thought, their profound depths, and their soaring heights. I read on, and presently the vibrant, imaginative vitality of his sentences rises up with the freshness of green forests across a mountain range. A few more pages and I seem to see the mountain looming overhead, glowing in a transcendent light.

This association of Channing with the image of the mountain is not my experience alone. Turn to the biographies of or the writings of Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Alcott, Horace Mann, or Margaret Fuller and always in the background of these lives you make out the dim blue heights of someone else—William Ellery Channing. To these eminent Americans (all of them Unitarians) he was a mountain to which they looked not only for the refreshing of their souls but also for the keeping of their bearings. They looked up to Channing because in those days of the early 1800s, which were the turbulent days of what has been truly called the Second American Revolution, they found a leader and guide.

At the turn of the century the "huge paws" and "furrow turners" were in revolt against the rule of the gentlemen of the Eastern seaboard, as in our own times the workingmen and the farmers have been in New Deal revolt against the supposed rule of what they call the Money Changers. Across the Atlantic, democracy had been tried in France in the Reign of Terror and had been found wanting—exactly as in our own times democracy has been tried in the solving of the paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty and has been found wanting by certain European peoples. Europe, like all Europe of today, sweated under the pitiless lash of a brilliant but absolutely ruthless and cynical conqueror-dictator whose scowl made men cringe even in faraway America. This social volcanism had its repercussions, as it has today, in American religion. The crashing of ancient royal houses, the seeming failure of democracy, the brilliant success of brutality and tyranny and public dishonesty in the person of Napoleon seemed to confirm the old dogma of New England Protestantism, that man's reason is a miserable guide, that his will is weak, that his heart is evil, and that he is lost in total depravity. And men, with their self-confidence shaken, fearful, jittery, began to pack the churches where highly emotional preachers excitedly shouted at them, as preachers are shouting at Americans today, that their only hope lay in confessing their sins of pride and in surrendering themselves, body, mind, and soul, to Almighty God before it was too late and the whole world lapsed into chaos. Up and down and across America revivalists whipped people into a white-hot emotionalism. Learned theologians, like their counterparts today, forswore their liberalism and returned to orthodoxy, authority, and blind faith. Culture, right reason, democracy were not only in the shadow but pointed to as the very machinations of the devil. And then it was that the men who were to shape the America of the future lifted their eyes to the mountainous heart and mind and spirit of William Ellery Channing.

What kind of impression Channing made is well described by the Tory and orthodox Episcopalian, a British naval captain, Basil Hall. Channing was Boston's most remarkable exhibit he was told; and he went to hear him. Here are his words:

> A considerable change, it appears, had taken place at Boston of late years, in the religious tenets of the inhabitants; and Unitarianism, or, as I find it called in their own publications, Liberal Christianity, had made great advances, chiefly under the guidance of this distinguished person. . . He struck me as being, in many respects a very remarkable preacher; particularly in the quietness, or repose of his manner. How far this proceeded from the simplicity of his thoughts, or from the unaffected plainness of his language, I cannot exactly say; but the power which it gave him of introducing, when it suited his purpose, occasional passages of great force and richness of expression, was one of which he availed himself with much skill. It was manifest, indeed, that the influence he held, or appeared to hold, over the minds of his hearers was derived mainly from their reliance on his sincerity, whatever some of them might have thought of his doctrines. The tone of his voice was familiar, though by no means vulgar; on the contrary, it might almost be called musical, and was certainly very pleasing to the ear; but whether this arose from the sounds themselves, or from the eloquent arrangement of the words, I never thought of inquiring, as I was carried along irresistibly by the smooth current of his eloquence. . . At first, this familiarity of tone and almost colloquial simplicity of expression, sounded so strangely from the pulpit, that the impression was not altogether favorable, but there soon appeared so much real kindness in all he said, that even we, though strangers, were not untouched by it. [Hall tells of how Channing then went on to touch on the Unitarian controversy.] By the time the preacher reached this part of his discourse, our curiosity was much excited, and I, for my own part, felt thoroughly caught, and almost prepared to go along with him into any region he pleased to carry us.

Channing, when Captain Hall heard him in 1827, was forty-seven years of age and was already a semi-invalid. This invalidism went back to the days when, immediately upon his graduation from Harvard, he worked as a tutor for one of the Randolphs in Virginia. There he labored through the day with the children and studied regularly until two and three o'clock in the morning to complete his own education. Every penny he could save he sent to his widowed mother, who had been left with nine children. Never an exceptionally strong youngster he tried to toughen himself by going on a Spartan diet and by sleeping on the bare floor of the cabin to which he was assigned. Thus at the end of two years he returned to his mother, pale, thin, melancholy, in broken health; and never thereafter did he come near to physical robustness.

After a year and a half of rest and spending long hours lying or walking along that beautiful ocean beach, near his home at Newport, Rhode Island, communing with nature, he received two invitations from Boston churches—one socially prominent and prosperous, the other humble and not particularly prosperous. He chose the more humble Federal Street Church, and immediately upon being ordained and installed he settled his mother and younger brothers and sisters in the parsonage. As he began his ministry at twenty-two years of age he was anything but an imposing young man—extremely serious, retiring, and physically so

slight and so short that in later years strangers who came to hear him and who saw him at close range out of his pulpit at the close of the services were heard to mutter, "What, is this the great Channing?" He never weighed more than a hundred pounds and was no taller than Napoleon.

When Channing began his Federal Street ministry in Boston he instinctively sided with those Congregational churches in New England which had shied away from the emotionalism and hell-fire preaching of Jonathan Edwards and the Methodist George Whitefield. These churches which had stubbornly refused to be evangelized had been moving for more than half a century in the direction of liberalism—a cultured, gentlemanly, scholarly liberalism which found it hard to swallow the idea of God conceived as a Trinity, a liberalism which found it hard to swallow the orthodox Calvinist idea of a God who selects certain persons to enjoy eternal bliss in heaven and others to suffer eternal torture in hell, a liberalism which leaned more and more upon the human reason and less and less upon revelation and blind faith. But at this time, in 1802, the very life of this infant American liberalism was threatened, as I have suggested, by the failure of democracy in France, the progress of Napoleonic dictatorship in Europe, and the revolutionary unrest in America. A white-hot revivalism was sweeping the masses, who were losing faith in human nature and human reason, back into complete dependence upon the will of the God of their fathers. The entire nation, from Maine to Georgia, from the seaboard to the farthest western settlement, was overwhelmed by a tide of religious emotionalism which often took the form of all-night meetings with larger parts of audiences becoming convulsed with what they called "the jerks." But then in 1805 in the face of this wave of reviving and militant orthodoxy, Harvard University did something which literally split New England wide open. Harvard, the school upon which the Congregational churches had depended for nearly two hundred years for their ministers, had the audacity to call Henry Ware, minister of the Old Ship Church of Hingham, Massachusetts, and an open and avowed Unitarian, to the Hollis Professorship of Theology. Then the real battle began. All the orthodox, whether revivalistic or not, joined forces to fight this new infidelity in their midst. First of all they raised funds to start a new theological school, the Andover Theological Seminary, and they so carefully tied the funds to orthodoxy that a little over a hundred years later, when the Andover Trustees voted to reunite with the Harvard Divinity School, and legal objection was raised, the courts simply could not sanction the move. Then came the Reverend Jedidiah Morse, father of the inventor of the telegraph, breathing fire and brimstone in his new paper, the *Panopolist*. As a result of his agitation, orthodox Congregational ministers began to refuse to invite other Congregational ministers, if they held Unitarian beliefs, to be guest speakers, to exchange with them. That meant virtual excommunication for the liberal wing. Finally Morse began to agitate for the setting up of a tribunal to try heretic clergymen. When this proposal came to the ears of Channing he all but blew up. That was going too far, too far even for the peaceful Channing who had hoped all the time that the fires would eventually burn themselves out. Thoroughly aroused and thoroughly fed up with the defensive tactic of continually explaining the new Unitarian ideas and apologizing for them, he turned to the attack, raised the Unitarian banner aloft, boldly carried the battle right into the camps of their opponents and became the recognized leader of the liberal party. Absolute dependence upon God! That idea is not only false rationally, he declared, it is inherently immoral. I quote his own words:

> True we depend upon the Creator; and so does the animal; so does the clod; and were this the only relation, we should be no more bound to worship than they. We sustain a grander relation, that of rational, moral, free beings to a Spiritual Father. We are not mere material substances, subjected to an irresistible physical law, or mere animals subjected to resistless instincts; but are souls on which a moral law is written, in which a divine oracle is heard.

Going after those who disparaged the use of the human reason and who called for a return to blind faith, Channing said in his world-famous Baltimore Sermon:

> We object strongly to the contemptuous manner in which human reason is often spoken of by our adversaries, because it leads, we believe, to universal scepticism . . . We indeed grant that the use of reason in religion is accompanied with danger. But we ask any honest man to look back on the history of the church, and say whether the renunciation of it be not still more dangerous. Besides, it is a plain fact that men reason as erroneously on all subjects as on religion. Who does not know the wild and groundless theories which have been famed in physical and political science? But who ever supposed that we must cease to exercise reason on nature and society because men have erred for ages in explaining them? We grant that the passions continually, and sometimes fatally, disturb the rational faculty in its inquiries into revelation. The ambitious contrive to find doctrines in the Bible which favor their love and dominion. The timid and dejected discover there a gloomy system, and the mystical and fanatical a visionary theology. The vicious can find examples or assertions on which to build the hope of a late repentance, or of acceptance on easy terms. The falsely refined contrive to light on doctrines which have not been soiled by vulgar handling. But the passions do not distract the reason in religious any more than in other inquiries which excite strong and general interest; and this faculty, of consequence, is not to be renounced in religion, unless we are prepared to renounce it universally . . . Say what we may God has given us a rational nature, and will call us to account for it. We may let it sleep, but we do so at our peril.

Turning from the orthodox doctrine of total dependence upon God, Channing went after the orthodox doctrine of the sinfulness, of the "total depravity" as they expressed it, of human nature:

> A more irrational doctrine could not, I think, be contrived; and it is something worse—it is as immoral in its tendency as it is unreasonable . . . Were it really believed . . . men would look up with dread and detestation to the Author of their being, and look round with horror on their fellow-creatures . . . Were men to see in one another wholly corrupt beings—incarnate fiends, without one genuine virtue—society would become as repulsive as a den of lions or a nest of vipers. All confidence, esteem, love, would die; and without these the interest, charm, and worth of existence would expire. What a pang would shoot through a parent's heart, if he were to see in the smiling infant a moral being continually and wholly propense to sin, in whose mind were thickly sown the seeds of hatred to God and goodness . . . I say, the doctrine is of immoral tendency; but I do not say that they who profess it are immoral. The truth is, that none do or can hold it in its full and proper import. I have seen its advocates smile as benignantly on the child whom their creed has made a demon as if it were an angel; and I have seen them mingling with their fellow-creatures as cordially and confidingly as if the doctrine of total depravity had never entered their ears . . . Christianity teaches no such doctrines. Where do you find it in the New Testament? Did Jesus teach it, when he took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the Kingdom of God"? Did Paul teach it when he spoke of the Gentiles, who have not the law or a written revelation, but who do by nature the things contained in the law? Christianity indeed speaks strongly of human guilt, but always treats men as beings who have the power of doing right, and who have come into existence under the smile of their Creator.

Channing's sincerity and power and eloquence knocked the orthodox party back on its heels. Most of the Congregational churches of wealth and culture began to call themselves Unitarian. The name Unitarian became a badge of respectability. His own church grew, and soon they were building a new structure. But the larger import of the Unitarian movement and of the leadership and spirit of Channing was yet to come. It began to appear when two of Channing's younger followers, two of the most promising young men in the movement, began to get radical, so radical that the orthodox found something at which they could point the finger of scorn and damn with "Didn't we tell you so." One of them was Ralph Waldo Emerson who shocked New England in 1838 with his Divinity School address. The other, the more radical, was Theodore Parker. Parker had come to believe that the Christian church was not divine, that miracles were unnatural, that the Bible was not the absolute guide to religious truth. This was radical—far beyond Channing Unitarianism. And Parker had the audacity to put these ideas into an address called "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity" which he delivered in 1841 at an ordination ceremony. What was this new reliance on human reason, this new respect for human nature coming to? Unitarian laymen were shocked and embarrassed. Chagrined Unitarian ministers gathered in Boston to try Parker for heresy, but the meeting became a farce. Channing himself was hurt to the quick to hear that his young friend had so departed from what seemed to him to be the essential of Christianity that he denied miracles and thus made the miraculously-born and miraculously-resurrected Christ into a mere man. But this is what Channing wrote to a friend: "I wish him to preach what he believes and feels. . . . Let the full heart pour itself forth. . . . Give my love to Mr. Parker. I shall be glad to hear from him in perfect freedom."

Others might start heresy trials, might excommunicate the young Parkers and Emersons, but not William Ellery Channing. Such actions went with the type of religion which sees only sin in men, only their weaknesses, only their pride, only their depravity; with the type of religion which is always trying to fit men into strait jackets, always trying to frighten them with dire retribution, always trying to club them into repentance and humility and submission. Channing preferred to see in all men, whether they agreed with him or not, whether master or slave, good or bad, something noble, something infinite which he believed with all his heart and soul could be called forth by the spirit of "Let the full heart pour itself forth. . . . Give my love to Mr. Parker, I shall be glad to hear from him in perfect freedom."

> Does anyone ask, Why shall I pity and help the poor man? I answer, because he is A MAN; because poverty does not blot out his humanity; because he has your nature, your sensibilities, your wants, your fears; because the winter wind pierces him and hunger gnaws and disease racks and weakens him as truly as they do you. Place yourself, my friend, in his state. Make yourself by a strong effort of thought the inhabitant of his unfurnished and cold abode, and then ask why you should help him. He is a man, though rags may cover him, though his unshorn hair may cover his human features . . . and what is most important, he not only has your wants and feelings, but shares with you in the highest powers and hopes of human nature.

Those who listened to this gospel began to pour out their money and to take the lead in charitable work, in prison and insane hospital reform, in temperance reform, in improving education, in the establishment of peace societies, in encouraging the growth of an American literature. And what naturally followed was what Van Wyck Brooks rightly called the Flowering of New England.

In this hour of perplexity today, the figure of Channing looms up before us as he did before Americans in the early years of the last century. I seem to see him pointing as he did before his hearers more than a century ago, pointing to a great and glorious future—pointing beyond the Flowering of New England to the Flowering of America. He seems to be saying to us as he said then, that we must not let ourselves be swept off our feet by the hysterical masses who for the moment are unsettled and frightened and are ready for a supernatural dictator God or some superman dictator; that we must not let the awful aspects of the present European Reign of Terror and the rise of the dictatorships destroy our faith in human nature; that we must not let the failures of democracy and the successes of the cynical Napoleons destroy our faith in liberty.

I quote from Channing:

> All law, divine or human, is, as the name imports, restraint. No one feels more than I do the need of this element in human life. He who would fly from it must live in perpetual conflict with nature, society, and himself. But all this does not prove that liberty, free action, is not an infinite good, and that we should seek and guard it with sleepless jealousy. For if we look at the various restraints of which I have spoken, we shall see that liberty is the end and purpose of all . . . Duty restrains the passions, only that the nobler faculties and affections may have freer play . . . Parents impose restraint, that the child may learn to go alone, may outgrow authority . . . Thus freedom, ever-expanding action, is the end of all just restraint. Restraint without this end, is a slavish yoke. How often has it broken the young spirit, tamed the heart and the intellect, and made social life a standing pool. We were made for free action. This alone is life, and enters into all that is good and great. Virtue is free choice of the right; love, the free embrace of the heart; grace, the free motion of the limbs; genius, the free, bold flight of thought; eloquence, its free and fervent utterance.

And thus it was that in the summer of 1830, while Channing was spending his vacation in Newport, his boyhood home, the news of the Revolution in France and the restoration of a democratic government stirred him intensely. "A free press and a free people had conquered the Bourbons under Charles, and the old Lafayette was at the head of the National Guard." This news of the victory of freedom and the defeat of the despots fired the fifty-year-old Channing. It is said that he shortened his vacation and hurried back to Boston to join in the festivities he expected would surely accompany such a victory. But he found Boston indifferent. He was shocked. A little later when a Miss Peabody introduced him to a young Harvard graduate, he greeted the visitor somewhat ironically:

> "I see you young gentlemen of Cambridge are quite too wise to be thrown out of your accustomed serenity by the new revolution in France. I was a young man in college in the days of the first French Republic, and at every crisis of its history our dignity was wholly upset. We were rushing to meetings of sympathy or kindling bonfires of congratulation and walking in torchlight processions. But now the young American has come to years of discretion, and may not give way to such unseemly excitements."

There is no record of any retort from the young man except for the remark he made when he rose to leave and Channing invited him to come again. "Yes, sir, I will; for you are the only young man I know!" Instantly Channing answered in a "loud ringing tone that was almost a hurrah, 'Always young for liberty'."

Lashonah Tovah!

Reflections on the Jewish High Holidays of 1942

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

The Jewish High Holidays, beginning with Rosh Hashonah (New Year) on September 12 and reaching their climax in Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement) on September 21, will be observed in a mood of special solemnity this year by Jews everywhere, and there should be nothing startling in the suggestion that for non-Jews also these days should have a very special significance.

As Jews the world over gather in synagogue and temple for the impressive rites that characterize these days of sacred memory, of rededication, and of the reaffirmation of an undying and timeless faith, they will be conscious as probably never before of the tragedy facing them today and of the hard days ahead as Israel in its centuries-long struggle for survival seeks anew to secure itself against the brutal assaults of violence and aggression and against the demonic machinations of prejudice and superstition that everywhere are whipping men's minds into a fury of persecution, ill will, and suspicion. Israel has known days of tribulation and trouble before; it has again and again passed through the fiery furnace of disaster and calamity, it has been well called "the Servant of the Eternal" who is "accustomed to sorrow and acquainted with grief," and yet it may be said without fear of exaggeration that rarely in its turbulent history of more than three thousand years has it had to face greater hardships or a more uncertain future.

During these High Holidays, the thoughts of millions of faithful Jews will turn with particular affection and hope towards Palestine where the work of restoring a Jewish national homeland has been progressing with such remarkable success in spite of many impediments, and where today millions of Jews might find peace and security if only in non-Jewish circles, particularly in Christian and Mohammedan lands, that degree of intelligent understanding and that measure of helpful cooperation could be found that are essential for the ultimate success of the Palestinian enterprise.

Since the days, more than fifty years ago, when Theodore Herzl first fired the imagination of the Jewish world with his vision of a reclaimed Jewish homeland in Eretz Yisroel, there has been much debate over the advisability and feasibility of such a plan. Today, despite remaining ideological differences between Zionists and non-Zionists and continued variances in opinion and outlook even among Zionists, it may be said that World Jewry is united as never before in working for a rehabilitated Palestine; and as never before in the history of the western world have non-Jewish circles shown such interest in this plan or have liberal and democratic governments made such clear commitments concerning a Jewish National Home. Whatever the New World may be like when peace comes, it seems quite certain that the new Magna Charta for a liberated humanity will include a Free Palestine where Jews may live as a free and independent people, as well as some form of international guaranty for the security of those Jews who prefer to remain citizens in some other land of their choice.

It is this twofold aspect of the hopes and aspirations of Israel for security and independence that should challenge the Christian world especially during these days when in synagogue and temple prayers rise for the restoration of Eretz Yisroel and for the reestablishment of peace and prosperity the world over wherever Jews may choose to live and labor. It should be only too obvious that Jews can be safe and secure neither in Palestine nor elsewhere unless the non-Jewish peoples, the nations among which Jews will always be a minority, agree to cooperate in providing for their Jewish fellow men those conditions for the preservation of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" that all free men desire and which form the *sine qua non* of democracy and freedom.

This would seem to be a most propitious time for the Christian world to restate its position as regards the legitimate claims of the Jew, his claims not only for re-possession of his ancient homeland but also for the status of citizen and freeman in whatever country he may choose as his fatherland. While in the councils of the free nations the question of minorities, of the smaller and weaker peoples (in the economic and military sense), is being discussed and liberal promises are being made to every group striving for independence and freedom, is it not time that the much-mooted "Jewish question" receive more than perfunctory attention and be treated with realism and honesty? Let the United Nations, and most of all those that call themselves "Christian," have done with futile "Declarations" of the Balfour type; let the churches, always so vociferous and clamant in their insistence that justice be done, change from the easy preoccupation of issuing stereotyped and wordy "resolutions" against anti-Semitism to some sort of stern and realistic "action," action that would go far to prove that the countless declarations and resolutions of these past years were meant to be "preliminaries" to effective action, not substitutes for action. What more appropriate could the churches and the governments of the so-called "Christian" nations do at this time than to prove by some sort of courageous and determined act that at last they have agreed that the melioration of the Jew's lot in terms of resettlement in Palestine and of specific guaranty of his status as citizen in the land of his choice against all and every form of bigotry and fanaticism has finally passed from the stage of academic discussion and theoretical interest to that of *"Realpolitik"* and sound practical statesmanship? It is quite likely that during these days many churchmen and statesmen will send messages of good will and encouragement to the Jews; there will be the usual laudatory and complimentary expressions regarding the contributions being made by the Jew to the defense of democracy, there will be praise for the Jew's service in the armed forces, in civilian work, in the huge task of refugee resettlement, and so forth. But noble and timely as such words may be, they must be accompanied by reliable evidence that they are meant to lead to some form of helpful action and not intended to remain "clanging brass or a tinkling cymbal." All the polite expressions of sympathy and good will at this time will mean precisely nothing unless they demonstrate a willingness on the part of the Christian world to do something immediate

and "radical" to right the ancient wrong that cries to heaven for redress.

It seems highly doubtful whether anything like this will be done on any impressive scale. There are still too many hoary prejudices and respectable superstitions preventing the Christian world from doing "the one thing needful," from undertaking a course of action that is at once practical, thorough, and realistic. Let me mention but a few of these ancient prejudices that today stay the hand and paralyze the will of many who otherwise may be said to have "every intention" of being at least fair to the Jew. For instance, too many Christians still feel that the Jew is a "problem" in the sense in which we speak of a "problem child." To them he is a strange and perverse person who delights in nothing so much as in making himself unpleasant to those among whom he lives. According to these naive souls, the Jew is different from all other people and makes no effort whatsoever to adapt himself. They forget entirely that wherever the "Jewish problem" has arisen, it is the non-Jew who has raised it; the non-Jew has always resented the presence of this stubborn minority which has claimed for itself the fundamental human right to live its life according to its genius and traditions, and because of this fact, because this people sought to be itself, because it refused to commit spiritual and cultural hara-kiri, it has been persecuted, hounded, and harassed as no other people in history.

There is further the common Christian belief, implicit, if not often explicit, in fundamental Christian doctrine, that the persecuted Jew is suffering for his sin as a nation in refusing to acknowledge and accept Jesus Christ as his Messiah and Redeemer. This point of view, which cannot be divorced from the teaching and preaching of most Christian schools and pulpits, looks upon the people of the Old Testament as "the Wandering Jew," accursed of God for their sin of rejecting him, who, according to traditional and current Christian theology, came to fulfill the predictions of their prophets and, incidentally, to annul their laws. Of course, it follows irresistibly from this point of view that the only salvation for the Jew lies in his conversion to Christianity, and the good souls holding this conviction undoubtedly think they are very kind and liberal to the Jew when they hold out to him the opportunity of choosing from more than two hundred and fifty varieties of Christianity when submitting to the rite of baptism. These credulous people, well-meaning and nobly intentioned indeed, see in anti-Semitism and its ugly train of persecution and terror not so much the result of bigotry and intolerance as the inevitable punishment of God upon the stubbornness of the Jew who has refused, still refuses, and very likely always will refuse, to destroy himself as a people and to annihilate himself as a culture in order to prove that Pauline theology is correct. It would help a great deal in creating better understanding between Jew and Christian, were the prevalence and extent of such religious views taken more seriously; at least we would be spared much of the sentimentalism and silly romanticizing that passes for "tolerance and good will," if we faced this situation more frankly.

The writer does not presume to be a spokesman for the Jew, but he does not hesitate to state it as his conviction and as a matter of fact that the Jew is not interested in solving his problems by taking refuge in baptism. Aside from a small minority which can be found in all groups and whose characteristic weakness it is to see the pastures greener on the other side of the fence, it may be said of the Jew that he is satisfied to be and to remain a Jew; his culture, his religion, his mores mean as much to him as those of other people mean to them. He does not look upon his religion as a system of antiquated beliefs which need Christian theology and Christian sacrament for their fulfillment and realization. He holds Judaism as a way of life sufficient for any loyal Jew and rightly resents the inference that he may share the blessings of democracy only on condition that he betray his own and turn traitor to his own past. The Jew, when looking ahead and envisaging the future, does not face the world as a special pleader, he is not asking for special privileges of any kind nor for a place of preferment; he asks the simple boon of living wherever he chooses to live, to labor as he desires to labor, to worship God according to his conscience, and in every other respect to be treated and respected as a "fellow man." Is there anything unique or extravagant in such demands? And by what right does any majority, whether Christian, Mohammedan or other, refuse them?

One need not recall that both Christianity and Mohammedanism are daughter-religions of Judaism in order to insist that aside from the religious issues involved, which are by no means insignificant, the problem of Jewish resettlement in Palestine as well as that of the security of the Jewish minorities in other lands should find at least as much political conscience and decency among civilized statesmanship as the problems of other minorities. These minority-problems may provide many a "headache" for diplomats and imperialistic statesmen; that they must be met and solved intelligently and honestly remains a fact that cannot be evaded, and the problem of the Jewish minority looms large in its dimensions of justice and honor. That a Jewish Homeland in Palestine, declared desirable and possible by both the British Parliament and the American Congress, would go far towards helping establish the rights of Jews remaining in other lands has been generally admitted; so far, however, the ancient fears of political upheaval and economic reprisal seem to count more with the leaders of the United Nations than the principles of justice of which they are making so much.

These are a few reflections to which the return of the Jewish High Holidays gives rise, and they emphasize the fact that the problem of the Jew in our midst is chiefly a non-Jewish problem, since it involves primarily a readjustment of Christian thought and attitude to the generally accepted principles of justice and righteousness. Let us at least be honest with ourselves and with our Jewish fellow man at this time; the hour is too serious to allow for toying with the sacred ideals that we say we are fighting for: peace, security, democracy, freedom, and so forth. Let those in the Christian world who are ready to live and cooperate with the Jew on a basis of complete and unequivocal equality, who are prepared to repent of their superciliousness and to respect the Jew "as a Jew," let those among us utilize these days of the High Holidays for a serious searching of hearts and consciences; let us join our Jewish fellow-citizens in the solemn spiritual disciplines of Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, and by our frank offer of comradeship and friendship give meaning and substance to our greeting as we say: "Lashonah Tovah!"

Our Forward-Looking Indians

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

A fifteen-year-old Sioux boy was brought east to school by General S. C. Armstrong in the year 1881. Fresh from the camps, he knew no word of English and had rarely set eyes upon a white man. Still in blanket and leggings, with long black hair loose on his shoulders, the boys hooted at him in the streets of Chicago, "as if I were some kind of wild animal," he said to himself. "I made up my mind then that I would learn to be respected as a man!"

That was sixty years ago. Today the neglected orphan, helpless in a strange world, enjoys an honored old age after long service as a minister to the Sioux. He has many fast friends of both races.

> On Lincoln's Birthday, [he writes from South Dakota to one of his very early teachers] exercises were held before a joint session of the legislature in the capitol at Pierre. They invited me to open the program with prayer, and asked me to dress up as chieftain with war bonnet. I refused, as I have a fine Prince Albert suit and would rather wear that. But they said I was the only and first Indian ever given that honor, so I consented to wear only the headdress, but took that off when I offered prayer.

Here we have a fair illustration of the fact that the elaborate costume and all the picturesque anachronisms that we thoughtlessly admire are not the free choice of our present-day red men. They are all but forced upon them by curious outsiders.

Much the same is true of the old-time ritual. Many Indians in some tribes, nearly all, have embraced Christianity. Even where this is not the case, their ancient religion is fast dying, or wholly dead in spirit. As long ago as fifty years, the Sioux were often paid to dress up and dance for white people. In the remote Southwest, certain exotic ceremonies still attract crowds of tourists and are annually staged as romantic spectacles. In books, too, and in pictures, their aspirations are all but ignored, while their glamorous past is frankly commercialized.

Extravagant praise of a primitive and rudimentary culture is dubious flattery to a modern Indian. That culture means no more to their ambitious young people than do the ideas and customs of the Middle Ages to Americans of European descent. They are American citizens and wish to be accepted as such! Many are voters; thousands possess a common school education or better, and a profession or trade. Their real future lies—as one wild youth saw clearly, two generations ago—in becoming so far assimilated and integrated into American life as to hold individual positions of dignity and self-respect in the modern world.

The clergyman I have quoted is now a great-grandfather. Himself a full-blood, his wife was the daughter of a Frenchman. Two of his own daughters are married to ministers. "I am proudest man in the world," he says, referring especially to the youngest, a registered nurse. Do educated women like these care to put in their time tanning skins and adorning them with beads?—a skill lately revived in some government schools! Weaving and basketry, crafts not indigenous to the Sioux, still enjoy a limited market in the Southwest. It is well to protect and even to develop such a market, but determined emphasis upon primitive handicrafts, among a people no longer primitives, is plainly artificial. May it not even give them a feeling of inferiority, as if they were considered good for nothing else?

Of our third of a million "Indians," probably half are in point of fact persons of mixed descent, many predominantly French or English, and inheritors of European culture rather than of the aboriginal. Even the full-bloods are more like the rest of us than they are different. As normal human beings, with proper pride, we may be certain that they do not want to be subsidized, protected, and governed as a permanent minority group,

Much is said nowadays of the preservation of their indigenous gifts and virtues to enrich our common life. Be sure this is only possible as the natural, unforced expression of their own personalities. Exaggerated attention from outsiders, and well-meant official countenance, already tend to make poseurs and charlatans of some educated young Indians. They are best served by holding them to the same standards as others, leaving them to determine for themselves which elements of the old life may be wisely utilized in modern society. It is no kindness to encourage the hope of making an easy living by appearing in public as "Indian" entertainers—already a greatly overcrowded field, with competition from both white and Negro performers.

Both old and young Americans—Look forward and not backward!

Concern for Queries

Did you call the scrap-iron man,
Did you sell your scrap to Japan?

I had to live, didn't I?

Who heard the scream of the shell,
Which of your neighbors fell,
Whom did you doom to die?

I had to live, didn't I?

Have you made planes for Hitler,
Planes or the parts for planes;
Have you sold any planes to Hitler,
Were you paid well for your pains?

We had to live, didn't we?

Whom in England did they shell,
Who of Europe fell,
Whose deaths did you decree?

We had to live, didn't we?

Did I ship Mussolini oil,
I with my sweat and toil,
Did I help him ruin and spoil
And lay waste a poor man's soil?

You had to live, didn't you?

What blacks did his engines shell,
What Ethiopians fell,
What profitless thing did I do?

You had to live, didn't you?

ALBERT AND HELEN FOWLER.

The Study Table

The Real Nietzsche

WHAT NIETZSCHE MEANS. *By George Allen Morgan, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $4.00.*

How great has been the need for such a book on Nietzsche as Doctor Morgan has written is evidenced by the title given to a recent review of it in *The Christian Century*. It reads: "A Nihilist's Religion." Nietzsche, though at one time he recognized elements of nihilism in himself, did not surrender to it and certainly did not make any religion of it. He saw in it one of the most serious symptoms of that decay in European life which he set himself not only to understand but to counteract, and for which he believed his teaching would provide a cure. His own life was a triumph *over* nihilism. He was indeed a destroyer, but his destroying was essentially incidental, the "back side" of his creating. If one is going to build, one must first clear ground. Nietzsche's life and his writing, far from being negative, making for denial, despair, death, were essentially, finally, and on the whole a tremendous yea-saying, the most unqualified and joyous acceptance and affirmation of life; the most arresting and challenging call the modern world has heard to a new beginning, to a new struggle and a new discipline, aimed through thousands of years hence. Nietzsche's purpose was to lift human life to heights it never had known before, to give it at last a conscious, willed, and worthy goal, to make it at last *human*. To this end Nietzsche sacrificed first of all himself, as he believed the great creator should and must. His mental collapse at the end was only the price he finally paid for his lifelong devotion to the increase of *quality of life* among men. Nietzsche's crucifixion was fully as real as that of Jesus.

This may seem an extreme pronouncement. But it is made in regard to the two men whose influence on my own life has been supreme. Long close study of their teaching and constant meditation thereon have forced me to the conclusion that Jesus and Nietzsche, when understood, have very much in common. Perhaps my words will carry more weight if I remark that my acquaintance with Nietzsche began some twelve years ago, when it became a personal necessity that I understand him thoroughly. I read twice all of his writing that is available in English—and, besides, several biographies, and many books about him from different points of view. An American university professor, who had got his Ph.D. in Germany, wrote me some years ago that he thought I was one of a very few men in America who understood Nietzsche, and urged me to put my interpretation into book form.

It must be allowed, however, that Nietzsche's life was not a complete triumph. He did not die singing, as did Blake. He did not live to say of his work, as did Jesus, "It is finished." But then, it seems to me, he shouldered a larger task than either Blake or Jesus—a load such as perhaps no man *could* bear without breaking. He faced the whole modern world with a sweep, a rigor, a penetration, and a merciless honesty unmatched, to my knowledge, anywhere else. Nietzsche's world was essentially our world, his problems our problems. And upon them he focussed, in turn, every branch of human knowledge he commanded—to the end that he might grasp, and *see through*, that his answer might be wholly sound. To some extent his answer had to be tentative; he know that, and he was willing to have it so. He felt his aloneness and his inadequacy for an undertaking that was enough to tax the powers of a corps of the greatest men; and he called other men to collaborate with him. Yet more and more Nietzsche was sustained by the conviction that to his searching mind and soul had been vouchsafed the key to the future.

An essential part of his teaching was the myth of the "Superman," as we have translated it in English. But the term has connotations that are not only unfortunate but false. The German word is *Uebermensch*, and means, really, one who is higher than, or beyond, the present level of mankind. To say "myth," to the modern ear, suggests something fanciful, unreal, intangible, and therefore without importance. But no people has ever become a great people except as they were led to hold up before themselves some great myth. It must be above them and beyond them, as guiding and inspiring star of their hopes and dreams, yet must it come out of their own flesh and blood. It must be such as they *can* believe in and love. Else would it have no power to stir and lift them, and steel them for its sake to endure. Such was the dream of the ancient Jews that they were to produce the Messiah. The very air became filled with their hope and their expectation. The prospective mother wondered reverently and wistfully whether to her might come the honor of bearing him. Unreal, if you will; nevertheless, that myth set limits to the energies of a people, as do the banks of a river to its waters, and gave them form and direction. Nietzsche said, and from his knowledge of history had ground for saying, "Around the devisers of new values revolveth the world—invisibly it revolveth."

The half-divine and luminous figure that Nietzsche created in his Superman and would hold up before the eyes of mankind as their ideal and their destiny, the object of their adoration, and hope, and striving, was no such monster as the crude fingers of those have shaped who would make Nietzsche the father of Naziism. Nietzsche deplored German imperialism, which even in his day had begun to lift its head; he saw Europe doomed if it could not rise above its ruinous internecine nationalism and he called for "the good European"; of the top-heavy, centralized, octopus state, he penned the severest indictment of which I know; and he almost broke with his sister because she married an anti-Semite. Nietzsche's Superman was, to be sure, strong. What man can anyone look up to who is not? He is even a man of iron, but he is hardest of all on himself, and hard only and always that those things may be done which *must* be done if humanity is to be redeemed from its smallness and weakness, healed of its sickness, and come to be really worthy of the place in creation it has claimed for itself. Nietzsche conceives him as "the Roman Caesar with the soul of Christ."

It may seem as though this were an essay on Nietzsche rather than a review of Doctor Morgan's book. It is not so intended. I have thus sketched Nietzsche because it seems to me it is with some such positive impression that Doctor Morgan himself meets the gross misunderstanding of this great modern seer. He does not combat, he simply sets Nietzsche before us. The book is, and claims to be, only an exposition.

Doctor Morgan often seems to be little more than the professor on the platform, pointer in hand, connecting and commenting upon the series of stereopticon pictures he has selected and arranged and is now throwing before his audience. Naturally, therefore, though the book is well written, it lacks the verve one gets in Lichtenberger's *Gospel of Superman.* And as Doctor Morgan's own field is philosophy, it is not surprising that he should not bring out Nietzsche as sociologist so well as does Ludovici.

Nevertheless, I believe there is no book in English, unless it be Salter's *Nietzsche the Thinker* (now, unfortunately, out of print), that sets the thought of Nietzsche before the world with that combination of completeness, order, proportion, and depth of comprehension which one finds in Doctor Morgan's *What Nietzsche Means.* He does not write of the significance Nietzsche has had for him personally—of that there is only a hint here and there. The task Doctor Morgan set himself was to make clear what Nietzsche had to say. And I confess to the greatest admiration for the way in which he has carried out his purpose. For the most part he lets Nietzsche speak for himself. And the command he shows of the vast array of material before him is most masterly. The man certainly knows his Nietzsche. The mass of passages cited is enormous. Moreover, the material he drew upon includes letters and fragments of Nietzsche's writings which, so far as I know, have never been published in English. For this last alone, I feel a considerable debt of gratitude.

But I am much more indebted for the evidence Doctor Morgan adduces of order, consistency, and comprehensiveness in Nietzsche's thought. Not that I myself have been unaware of it, but it is good to have it made so patent. One of the most valuable parts of the entire book, in my judgment, is pages 119-140, where Doctor Morgan makes clear how many grades, levels, qualities, and subtle refinements of power Nietzsche had in mind when he declared that all life was "will to power." It was by no means, as so many people have supposed, a call to struggle on the level of brute force. The saint and the devoted mother, Jesus himself, were as much examples of will to power as the empire-builder. Doctor Morgan declares that "Nietzsche's thought is a living whole," and that "his philosophy of life demands a total world view." And, without strain or forced interpretation, he amply makes good his contention. Never again, I believe, should it be possible for critics to dismiss Nietzsche on the ground that his writings are a bundle of inconsistencies and self-contradictions.

WILLIAM G. SIMPSON.

The Prophet of the Social Gospel

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH: A BIOGRAPHY. *By D. R. Sharpe. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.75.

A full-length biography of Walter Rauschenbusch has been long overdue. He was the first and greatest of our social prophets of the Christian gospel since the turn of the century. He was born in 1858, early enough to feel the moral issues and tensions of the Civil War. He died, saddened and disillusioned, while the first World War was still in progress.

Rauschenbusch had many qualities which made him conspicuous in his generation. He had a brilliant mind, a radiant personality, a warm and compassionate heart. He was well educated in America and Germany; and though a native American he was equally at home in both countries. His personal revulsion against the thought of our being at war with Germany all but made him a pacifist.

He was a Baptist minister and the heir of an orthodox religious tradition; but as a young man just out of the seminary he became the minister of a German church in the slums of Hell's Kitchen in New York City; and it was here that he experienced his great social awakening. The author's portrayal of this phase of Rauschenbusch's career is by far the best part of the book. Here the young minister made those significant personal contacts which, along with his experiences as a pastor in one of the worst sections of New York, shaped his thinking. Here, along with other socially-minded young men, he became deeply involved in enterprises looking toward social reform. Cases of personal misfortune in his parish always took on a wider social significance as he sought the answer to social and economic evils.

It was during these years that he became interested in the socialist philosophy although he never joined the party. His theology, too, was in for serious overhauling although he never swerved from his passionate loyalty to a "Christocentric" view of religion. In 1896, with his outlook on life fairly well crystallized, he joined the faculty of Colgate-Rochester and became almost at once its most famous member. In 1907 he wrote his first and greatest book, *Christianity and the Social Crisis.* Five years later appeared his *Christianizing the Social Order,* and again five years later, *A Theology for the Social Gospel.* Another important book was his *Prayers of the Social Awakening,* which may in the course of time outrank all his other writings.

A candid appraisal of this book, written by a student and lifelong friend, compels one to say that it is needlessly laudatory, and perhaps not sufficiently critical. But the close friendship which Doctor Sharpe enjoyed with his teacher and his great admiration for him, make possible a close-up portrayal which future biographers will find extremely valuable. As such it is an excellent beginning for those readers who in our new generation have hardly more than heard the name of Rauschenbusch. A critical appraisal of Rauschenbusch's real contribution to Christian theology and to social reform, however, remains to be written.

EDWIN T. BUEHRER.

How We Got the Bible

HOW CAME THE BIBLE? *By Edgar J. Goodspeed. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury.* 148 *pp.* $1.50.

Doctor Goodspeed is tireless in his endeavors to help people to know the Bible. His books about the making and contents of the Bible increase so rapidly that his titles begin to look alike. But we need all these books —and more. In this, his latest book, Doctor Goodspeed, the well-known translator of the New Testament, traces the development of the various books of the Old and New Testaments and Apocrypha and tells how they came to be collected into a canon, translated into various languages, and how to understand the printed "complete Bible." This book ought to be compulsory reading for all church school teachers.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Essays On Peace

INTO THE WAY OF PEACE. *Edited by Percy Hartill. New York: The Fellowship of Reconciliation.* 192 *pp.* $1.25.

In this book, published something over a year ago in England, eleven English pacifists, all communicants of the English Church, set forth their gospel of peace in an age of war. The contributors run all the way from such distinguished literary and ecclesiastical figures as J. Middleton Murry, Evelyn Underhill, and Canon Charles Raven to obscure vicars and rural deans. But all are members of the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship, all write with fine ability and ample scholarship, and all set forth with clarity and vision the ideals of peace without violence. Here is a spirit of faith which knows no compromise and no surrender. A way of life which has been tested in the actual fires of war may well be commended to a nation still far removed from the battlefront.

The basic feature of this volume is the presentation of a pacifism which is purely spiritual in character. This does not mean that the problem of war and peace is not set in the framework of our political and economic world. Mr. Murry's tremendous essay on the "Church's Duty and Opportunity" turns wholly on the nature of an international society which has come at last to total war as the logic of its own life. Doctor Shepherd's essay on "Pacifism and Social Reform" rightly declares that peace lies at the heart of the whole social problem of our time. But the answer to the dilemma thus discovered is a complete pacifism which finds its substance in God and his holy spirit. More particularly in these papers is pacifism identified with Christianity. There is no possibility of reconciliation between war, however fought and for whatever reason, and the gospel of Jesus! "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my disciples fight"—this might well be taken as the text of this whole book. These Anglican pacifists simply refuse to conform to the laws and ways of this present world which is lost in sin, and insist upon living *now* in that other world of the spirit which is the abode of God. This is not to escape into any remote and unreal realm which knows not responsibility to mankind, but to establish even now that kingdom of God among us all which can alone bring us deliverance from doom.

The first essay sets forth the roots of pacifism in the Old Testament. The greatest of the Hebrew prophets and Old Testament writers were pacifists, and therein "more enlightened than many modern Christians." This pacifism of Hebrew times found its perfect expression in the Second Isaiah's concept of the Suffering Servant of the Lord, which was the astonishing anticipation of Jesus' way of the Cross. The second essay presents the New Testament basis of pacifism, and lays emphasis not so much on what Jesus said as on what he did. Here again the Cross on Calvary is seen as the full and final revelation of Jesus' way of dealing with evil—just such evil as we face today. Evil cannot be resisted and destroyed by violence, but rather overcome "by the power of crucified love."

In some ways the third essay, on the "Idea of the Just War," is the most searching and satisfying in this little volume. The author traces historically the attempts of the Church, after it had abandoned the original Christian position of opposition to all wars, to lay down the conditions under which certain wars may be "just" and thus consistent with Christianity. He names these conditions as duly established in traditional theology, and then shows how "in the circumstances of modern warfare, these conditions cannot be fulfilled." So, he concludes, "no modern war can be regarded as a 'just' war, and therefore no Christian should take part in a modern war."

Natalie Victor's brief essay on the fundamental spiritual and sacramental unity of men, which is central to religion and utterly violated by war in every form, says in six pages what could not be answered in a hundred. Archdeacon Hartill's essay on the "Philosophy of Christian Pacifism" lays foundations which cannot be shaken. Doctor Shaw's "Prayer for Peace" is deeply moving, if somewhat heavy in style.

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, commends this book as having an abiding place in the growing literature of pacifism. The Fellowship of Reconciliation has done us all a great service in republishing the book in this country at this time. Into this way of peace the world must go, if it is to survive at all. Here are leaders and companions for those of us who would walk in this way today.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Art of Domestic Counselling

CHRISTIANITY AND THE FAMILY. *By Ernest R. Groves. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.00.

Professor Groves, widely known as an authority on family life and its problems, here gives us in book form his 1941 lectures at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School under the auspices of the Rauschenbusch Foundation.

There are ten chapters, the first five developing the idea that the family is an "Ally of Christianity," and the second five elaborating on the technique and art of counselling, under the general title of, "The Church as an Ally of the Family." The discussion throughout is a running comment on the role of the family within the framework of Christianity, along with practical suggestions for ministers who would undertake the serious role of personal counselling.

All this has value, but a continuous reading gives one the impression of lifelessness and unreality. It is to be assumed for example—and few readers will need to be convinced—that the family is an ally of Christianity, just as it is assumed that the family is an ally of democracy or of any other enduring institution. Family problems, moreover, if they are real, and if they are the kind which a minister would naturally encounter in his parish, are warm, full of tension, and dramatic. One feels no tension here; one only hears a professor's soft, detached discourse, in a general sort of way, about the most dramatic moments of many a family's life, and many a minister's "confessional."

Is it not the larger social and historical background, antedating and including the Christian background, which ultimately gives validity to the family concept? Is it not there where we must look for the disintegrating factors which need to be understood, the tensions which need to be released, and the problems which need to be solved?

One misses this background in the first half of this book. One misses in the second half the actual life situation, or situations, which would strengthen the

general discussion. If such situations had been brought to life against such a background, along with the author's analysis and comments on possible or actual solutions, the value of the book would, it seems, have been greatly enhanced.

EDWIN T. BUEHRER.

Philo Introduced to Those Who Preserved Him

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILO JUDAEUS. *By Erwin R. Goodenough. New Haven: Yale University Press. 223 pp.*

Philo, an Alexandrian Jew of the Diaspora, was a contemporary of the Apostle Paul. And like Paul, he was born and reared in Hellenistic influence, spoke and wrote in Koine Greek, and attempted to reconcile Hebraism and Hellenism. But here the resemblance ceases; Philo remained a Jew, while Paul became a Christian. Philo attempted to reconcile Plato and Moses by means of allegory, a method which Paul used for a few verses in his *Epistle to the Galatians*. But Philo carried the method through many volumes. The contemporary Judaism rejected Philo and all his attempts to put Greek thought into the Mosaic Torah. The Church Fathers rescued Philo, read him and almost baptized him. Then, in the course of events, the Christians, as a result of the scientific method, abandoned Philo just when they should have kept him. Now Mr. Goodenough brings forth this excellent book which deserves the careful study of all who want to develop a historical approach to the background of the New Testament.

C. A. HAWLEY.

The Poets Still Are Heard

Above the roar of the death-spreading planes the voices of the poets are still heard, pleading for a world of "bread, beauty and brotherhood," trying to fulfill their sacred mission of making humanity humane and keeping alive that vision of the new order we shall yet achieve.

America's veteran anthologist, Thomas Curtis Clark, gives us another of his significant anthologies in *Poems for Life*,[1] in which many of UNITY's contributors, including Ralph Cheyney, are represented. The service rendered to poetry in our day by Doctor Clark is inestimable.

A new volume by Angela Morgan is always an event. In *Drum Beats Out of Heaven*[2] her radiant spirit calls with compelling eloquence for brotherhood, "the only power that will save the world."

We welcome a new star in the poetic firmament in the young Virginia poet, Weston McDaniel, who makes his voice heard in a brilliant first volume, *Dark Windows*.[3] These free verse poems show a sensitivity to beauty, a sympathy with humanity in this hour of bewilderment, which is truly magnificent. McDaniel is an artist, sure to make his mark.

The distinguished editor of *The Carmel Pine Cone*, the literary paper of the Pacific Coast, has issued a lovely book of poems in *Unclipped Wings*.[4] Delicacy of feeling, accuracy of word choice, and the unfailing ability to create the mood of poetry characterize this appealing volume. Such lyrics as "In Waning Light" and "The Wild Swan" leave the poetry-lover in delight.

Lilith Lorraine, eminent founder of the Avalon Poetry Shrine, gives us a characteristically brilliant book in *Beyond Bewilderment*.[5] The same singing radiance of her earlier work is present here but many of these poems rise to even greater power. As lyric prophet of our age, Miss Lorraine with clear compelling voice sounds the message that the poet has always sung and that the world needs as never before.

Ida Elaine James gives us a new volume of her exquisite and powerful poetry in *House of Song*.[6] Few poets possess her brilliant versatility, almost none her sensitivity, and few, as Angela Morgan remarks in her preface, are alive on as "many planes of feeling." This book sustains Prof. E. Merrill Root's verdict that Ida Elaine James is one of our greatest women poets.

Gladys Houston Greiner in a brave book, *Blessed Are the Peace-Makers*,[7] is vibrantly alive to the issues of our day. She trumpets her glowing creed, "Peace alone can make men free." In her own courageous life she has helped to stir mankind—"Awake to a more perfect way."

Josephine Hancock Logan's *Collected Poems*[8] will be highly gratifying to poetry readers and to all who admire her not only as a poet but as a sponsor of the arts, whose influence for sanity, simplicity, and strength has been widely felt. There is much of feeling in these verses, rich in sympathetic interpretation of life and reaction to its complexities.

Threads of tenderness weave their lustrous colors through the work of Sister Benediction in the volumes[9] of her work that are before me. She is at her best in brief lyrics like the exquisite "Love." Sympathy for a world in chaos, faith in the eternal power of love, star these volumes and proclaim this poet as one who follows The Gleam.

LUCIA TRENT.

[1]POEMS FOR LIFE. *Edited by Thomas Curtis Clark. Chicago: Willett Clark & Co. $2.50.* [2]DRUM BEATS OUT OF HEAVEN. *By Angela Morgan. Pasadena, California: Shaw Press.* [3]DARK WINDOWS. *By Weston McDaniel. Carleton Publishing Company. $1.50.* [4]UNCLIPPED WINGS. *By Helen Coolidge. Carmel Pine Cone Press.* [5]BEYOND BEWILDERMENT. *By Lilith Lorraine. Banner Press.* [6]HOUSE OF SONG. *By Ida Elaine James. Banner Press.* [7]BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS. *By Gladys Houston Greiner. House of Harrison. $1.50.* [8]COLLECTED POEMS. *By Josephine Hancock Logan. Chicago: A. Kroch & Son.* [9]WORLDS WITHIN, THROUGH WINDOWS OF LOVE. *By Sister Benediction. House of Harrison.* SELECTED POEMS. *By Sister Benediction. Exposition Press.*

To the Wise—If Any

Democracy, how many crimes
Have been committed in thy name!—
Alas! how many, many times
The dreams of men have wrought their shame,
Have brought but death and knavery
And sold a world to slavery! . . .

Be careful, then, O, ardent men
Who think to wean the world from sin
And found by war a theory—
Lest you reap nought but misery.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.